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"The Adventure Continues"

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February 15, 1990



AVALON

is

**Missouri Southern's
Art, Literature, and Entertain-
ment Magazine****A Missouri College
Newspaper Association
Awards-Winning
Publication (1988, 1989)****Editor**
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Avalon will only publish submissions from students, faculty members and staff members of Missouri Southern State College. Also accepted may be submissions from Missouri Southern alumni—on a limited basis.

Avalon claims one-time publication rights to work appearing in its pages.

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Volume V, Number 14
February 15, 1990

Ramble On

Recently, I've been asked by a lot of my friends, 'Just why would you want to be editor of *Avalon* anyway? Do you get anything out of it?'

I tell my friends, yes, I get a great deal of personal satisfaction out of putting together an *Avalon*. For me, it's a lot of fun to put one together, and it gives me a chance to use my talents in a creative manner. I also get the chance to slam some brews with the staff, while jamming out to the big band sounds of Glenn Miller and Joe Jackson.

To those who may not know me, I'm mostly into print journalism, with this magazine being one of my hobbies. I also like to sleep in my spare time, or write poetry or listen to *Led Zeppelin*, but I usually wind up writing poetry while listening to Robert Plant and the boys do "Kashmir," and obtaining absolutely no sleep. It's kind of fun, seeing how long your body will go on before your mind shuts down and you sit in front of a terminal just typing whatever the hell comes into your head. Just don't try this at home or on the job, kiddos, as parents and bosses get rather irate at this sort of behavior.

As you may know, I've spent the better part of three years learning the techniques of print journalism, and it has paid off in the form of an internship. You know, there's not a great deal of creativity in print journalism. Sure, it takes some doing to come up with that elusive lead which says it all in 25 words or less. And it takes a great deal of work to make a story flow, to make it read, to have it be in some sort of logical order. But can the story actually make the reader believe he or she is actually there? Not often.

But *Avalon* is different, I believe. We can describe a place as being either heavenly or the utter pit of hell, and make you feel like you are there, standing among us on a white sparkling cloud, or a black mound of brimstone.

Here in *The Chart/Avalon* office, we have a sign which states that "It's easy to be a good editor. Just print something for everyone." With a mixture of journalism, fiction, poetry, photography, opinions,

essays, and art, I think our magazine tries to provide something for everyone...at least I hope it does.

That's part of the reason I wish to begin receiving letters from our esteemed readers; I want to find out just how we stand, what we're doing right and what we could be doing better.

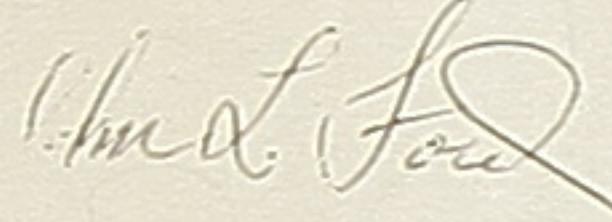
One new feature of our magazine is "Sounding Board." In this, we accept essays with an editorial bent. I believe that people should be allowed to speak their minds, and if they wish not to limit that speech to 300 words or less, then "Sounding Board" is the place for them to open up, to talk it out, to let off some steam, or make us think. Isn't that what college is all about, to improve our critical thinking skills?

Films have been an accepted art medium for a long time, and now *Avalon* is striving to bring that medium to its readers. With a new column simply titled "Flicks," we hope to bring you up to date on what's hot, what's not, in the film entertainment realm. In this edition, Mike Mallory goes to the movies, and gives us his insights into the latest Dennis Hopper flick, *Flashback*.

Take a look at "Sounds" and "BPM" in this edition. "Sounds" features a look at some of the recordings of the 1980's, while we go progressive and find out Christopher Clark's reaction to the Ministry concert that took place in Tulsa last month.

Another new thing I've added is the use of photographs to illustrate a story, and the use of art to illustrate a poem. "Mary's Room," a poem by Brian Webster, gives us a poignant look into the life of one young woman. Do we know someone like her?

If the type in this edition seems to be a little smaller, that's because it is. We decided that to get more stuff into *Avalon*, and yet still hold down costs, we had to go to a smaller typeface. This is about the limit, though I guess we could go to four point, which looks like — Naw, I don't think so.


The Wordster

*I don't think about the past
I'm moving too fast to know where I've been
(M.L.M. 1981)*

As a child of the 1960s, the decade syndrome is a concept I have seen come of age. The decade syndrome is a reoccurring event, usually appearing around the end of the eighth year of a 10-year span. The decade syndrome allows (causes) one to either look back at the previous decade to determine if any significant events have occurred, or the syndrome may cause (allow) a person to look toward the next decade to anticipate the future and participate in shaping the next 10 year's outcome. The examining of past accomplishments and past failures if only to see where we've been and where we are headed is the essence of history. With the infiltrating prevalence of television, events which may have no immediate historical value are nonetheless recorded as news of the day. These events are permanently stored, if not in the hearts and minds of people who can repeat the 'stories,' then in the modern version of the history 'book,' the video cassette.

*We were just victims of our youth
We never got into the real truth
—1980*

Aside from people working in the broadcast industry and those who may tape the local news for convenience in scheduling viewing time, most people don't keep magnetic recordings of what is considered news. The people who were represented in news headlines in the decade of the VCR, however, are probably represented in the video collections of the viewing public. Movie and television actors have become so celebrated that entertainers are now considered newsmakers. Entertainment news has become 'infotainment,' and though the traditional news broadcast remains objective, the news anchor has become a broadcast personality. While she or he may still refrain from injecting personal opinions into their readings of news

stories, the news-talkers may still have an opportunity to ask questions and express personal opinions on their own hour-long prime-time television programs. With reenactments and dramatizations, these programs can provide such useful information as how to manufacture crack, as Connie Chung's CBS prime-time debut did so unaccountably. While Connie Chung's audience may not put this information to use, it's good to know that the data was made available to the nation's TV addicts.

*It's time we owned up to the real truth
Only the grown-ups can remember their youth
—1981*

The one-hundred and sixty-ninth decade saw freedoms realized and freedoms restricted. The freedoms of expression which resulted from the realization that we are all neighbors on this 'Hendrixian' people farm have, in the 1980's, led to a people who at times not only do not love thy neighbor, but who sometimes don't know the names of the people living in their own neighborhoods. The 1960's itself were a decade of leadership, a decade of change, and a decade of loss. The country as a people mourned the loss of influential persons and with them a sense of nationalism, a sense of concern, a sense of asking "not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country," began to lose its significance as people increasingly looked at the government as an entity unto itself, and not the mere people chosen by the citizens to represent their interests.

*We're moving into the nineties
and we're looking from behind the front line
Working overtime for our goldmine
Running out of time
We're running out of fear for our creator
—1980*

What is in the best interest of the people is now increasingly being decided by elected officials. From a predetermined decency in music lyrics, video and movie releases, and in art, the freedoms of expression are facing unwarranted limitations. Artificial boundaries of taste

Please turn to The Wordster p.4

Cover by Alison Laub

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Photo By John L. Ford

Creek short fiction by Lawrence Pierce

Kelly packed her dented lunch box with sandwiches, a cottage cheese carton containing worms, and a small selection of tackle, and she wished school was not starting next week and that someone was going with her on this last fishing trip to Cripple Creek. The night before her Dad had said, "I really wish I could go, buddy, but I just can't take time off from the mill." Kelly's best friend would have gone with her, but he was still down in Madison with his grandparents.

There was no sense in asking any of the girls. They were too busy pretending to be grownups, or giggling about how cute some boy was, or sneaking their mothers' makeup. The boys didn't want Kelly around anymore. She could remember times, though, when she was the first choice when they were picking sides for a game of baseball down in old man Farley's field, and she remembered how they used to say she was the best rock thrower in town; from a good fifty yards she could hit any one of those cowed, abandoned, and stray dogs scrounging at the garbage dump. Now the boys seemed embarrassed and uneasy near her and would not talk to her unless they had to.

So, with the Zebco rod and reel that she had received from her father as a birthday present the summer before, and her battered lunch box strapped to her bike, she headed toward Cripple Creek.

It wasn't a long ride and inside a quarter hour she had propped her bike against a tree and was rigging her pole, using the knot her Dad had taught her four years ago when she was only eight.

Kelly searched through the damp, shredded newspaper in the cottage cheese carton and pulled out a fat 'crawler, one of the couple dozen she had caught the night before in the back yard. She threaded the hook through the worm

and watched it twist itself pretzel-like before she made her cast. It was a good cast and only made a small splash when the weighted line hit the water. "Dad would've been proud of that one," she thought.

Kelly was an only child. Her mother had died before Kelly had even started school and she could not remember much about her. Kelly's Dad had raised her without any outside help other than a piece of maternal advice from his own mother. Kelly knew that her Dad, even if he did try not to show it, had always secretly wished for a son, but she also knew he was proud of her and was not sorry she was his child; she knew her father loved her very much.

When the rings around the spot where the baited hook had hit the water disappeared, she reeled in the slack line and propped the pole against a fallen log. She sat herself down and waited...and waited.

Nothing happened. She began to inspect the ground around her. She discovered an ant hill not far from her feet, and at first did nothing but watch the tiny insects as they marched soldier-like in and out of their underground castle. She gently lifted one of the ants and allowed it to crawl on her hand, repeatedly turning her hand in order that she might keep it in her line of vision. Then, with no thought to the matter, almost instinctively, she plucked the ant off her hand and pinched it between her thumb and index finger. She did that over and over again, permitting an ant to crawl on her hand, and then crushing out its tiny life.

Kelly soon grew tired of killing ants and stood up. She walked around the log and looked up. The sun was playing hide and seek in the little white clouds that jogged across the sky. The sunlight, when it shone through, hurt her eyes and she closed them. As the sun warmed her face she inhaled deeply the smell of the woods around her. She could

smell too the dark muddy water of Cripple Creek.

With a jerk Kelly opened her eyes and ripped a small and low-hanging branch from its mother tree. She stripped the branch of its leaves and began to swing it with quick snaps of her wrist, making it crack like a whip. She thrashed the brush around her with the wooden whip.

Through the foliage she glimpsed something that did not quite match the coloring of the surrounding browns and greens. She stopped her assault against the imaginary attack of the killer plants and knelt down to find out what had caught her eye.

It was a duck, a mallard drake. She poked at it with her stick, hoping it was not dead, only sleeping. It refused to move and with the stick she raked the death-hardened bird from beneath the bush. Kelly turned the duck over with the toe of her high-topped gym shoe.

Kelly was engrossed by it. She had never seen a dead duck, at least not one still wearing its feathers, only those frozen and naked headless ducks in the butcher department at the supermarket. Squatting, she examined it more closely. In the side of its glossy green head, the red-ringed eyes were glazed over with a milky film. The snowy feathers that made up the duck's neck ring were spattered with mud as was its chestnut-red breast. Its legs and feet which most likely had once been of a rich and beautiful orange were now faded to a dingy yellow or a very dull orange at best.

Kelly pulled a feather from the drake's underside, a grayish white feather delicately marked with tiny black waves, to inspect it even closer. Then she pulled another. She was pulling feathers from the lifeless firm and throwing them in the air to watch them drift to the earth in the light breeze that played in the trees. When there was a large bald spot on the duck's belly she kicked it into the water and watched as it was slowly carried away by the current.

Kelly returned to her pole and reeled in the line. The worm was gone from the hook though she hadn't noticed any bobbing of the rod tip; "A tell-tale sign of a nibbling fish," her Dad had said a long time ago. Quickly she baited the hook and cast it into the river. She returned the pole to its place against the log and sat down again. The sun was now high over her head and she was becoming hungry. She retrieved one of the peanut butter and marshmallow sandwiches from her mistreated lunch box and started to eat. As she relished taste of the salty-oily peanut butter and the sugary-sweet marshmallow she watched a spider spinning a web in a low fork of a nearby tree. When Kelly finished her sandwich and the spider its web, she methodically shredded the web with the same stripped branch she had used in her earlier crusade against the marauding bush.

The fishing wasn't as good as she had hoped for and Kelly sat down beside her pole, staring at the place where the line entered the water. Bored, she drifted into sleep.

A short time later she awoke with a start when her pole fell across her stomach. A fish had taken the bait and hooked itself.

Excited because this could be the last fish she would catch this year, Kelly reeled it in quickly, knowing that it was not a large fish because it didn't pull back much.

It was a small bullhead, too small to keep. Usually she would have returned such a fish to the water after removing the hook so that it might grow larger and maybe someday be caught again. But she didn't do that this time.

Kelly brought her red-handled Swiss Army knife—a Christmas gift from her Dad—from her hip pocket. With the knife she proceeded to dissect the live, squirming fish. She removed the inner organs carefully, individually scrutinizing each one thoroughly before she tossed them all into the water.

The now-dead fish in one hand, and the bloody knife in the other, Kelly realized what she had done, sorry that she had not turned the fish loose. She had not meant to torture the fish, only to inspect the fish's insides because she had never taken the time to do so when she was cleaning fish for the table.

Using the same knife that had been an instrument of death to the fish, she dug a hole in the ground near the water's edge. With her foot she slowly rolled the mangled remnants of the fish into its shallow grave and covered it with the upturned earth.

Kelly stamped the mound of dirt flat with her feet and a single tear rolled down her cheek. She quickly wiped the tear away with the back of her hand, afraid that someone might see her crying over a stupid fish and think she was a sissy girl.

Bangs Like Barbie

essay by Angie Stevenson

I'd been cutting my Barbie's hair for long enough, I decided. It was time for me to move on to a bigger challenge. My scissors thirsted for the real thing. I was one of the few among my pre-school comrades who didn't have bangs. My long, blonde hair was instead swept up into a barrette everyday, which, as everyone knows, made me look like a three year old rather than my true (and much more sophisticated) age of four. Yes, my present style was definitely outdated, and a lot of trouble. If I had bangs, Mommy wouldn't have to fix my hair for me every morning, and she could quit telling me to "get the hair out of my eyes." Mommy shouldn't mind at all. She said she liked Barbie's bangs; she should also like mine. I couldn't mess up; after all, I was a pro. My long, troublesome locks were to be a thing of the past.

It was decided. I began my quest, hunting diligently for my scissors. I usually asked Mom to get them for me. Not this time, however. I wanted my bangs to be a surprise. If my memory was correct, they were in my closet. The closet door opened with a squeak, as most things do when you're trying to be silent. On one of the lower shelves (just within my pre-school body's reach) sat my crayon box. I bet they were inside it. I opened the lid and saw the rusted, silver, safety scissors peeking out from underneath a rainbow of crayons. The scissors weren't as pretty and sharp as the ones that grandpa used when I admired his work at the barber shop, but they should do.

They did.

The first move had been carefully planned. I'd decided to start at left side of my forehead. Snip. I watched my hair

fall onto the dresser. My stomach felt queasy—there was no turning back now. Upon examination I realized that I'd cut it a tad short. Well, more than a tad, actually, there was about a half an inch, one inch at the most, left where I'd cut. Maybe if the rest was gradually longer, it wouldn't be noticeable, I thought. Two more slices of the dull blades followed, this time the remaining hair fell in the middle of my forehead.

My mother's eyes not only popped out of their sockets, but also glowed as red as the embers of a burning log. I guess she had noticed.

I looked at the finished product and began to feel very nauseous. This was not good. I panicked, looking for a way out. Maybe if my parents couldn't find my hair, they wouldn't notice. I hid the dead locks that I had cut under my pillow.

I casually (well, I tried to look casual) walked into the kitchen, where Mom usually resided. I was shaking and felt as if I was going to pass out, but tried to appear nonchalant. "Hi Mommy!" My mother's eyes not only popped out of

their sockets, but also glowed as red as the embers of a burning log. I guessed she had noticed.

"What?" she screamed and then took a deep breath. "What did you do to your hair?" Before I could answer, I was sent to my room to "think about what I'd done" must have really blown it this time; I'd never been sent to my room before. My mirror seemed to laugh at me. True, I had bangs now, just I had wished. It's too bad they looked like a ski slope. Tears began to roll down my cheeks. The thought of Daddy coming home was enough to cause the weatherman to send out flood warnings.

I crawled up on to my bed and awaited my doom. Just thirty minutes ago, my idea had seemed sensible. Now, I couldn't come up with any substantial reasons to explain the bangs to my enraged parents.

The familiar sound of Daddy's pocket change clinking as he walked towards my door won my heart first place in the 100m dash. He stood before me, accompanied by Mom. All it took was one stern look from Dad to break the dam again. Trying to fight my way through the tears and sobs, I managed an utterance to their obvious question—"Why?"

"I don't know." It was all I could say, my brain was empty. My memory also failed me when they asked where my hair was. While they looked for my hair, the thought of jumping out of the window crossed my mind. Of course the fact that it was screened, not to mention closed, prevented me from trying it. Leaving no stone (or pillow in this case) unturned, my parents found the hair. It was the worst spanking I could remember.

After they left, I got my Barbie. I wondered why she was still pretty. What had gone wrong with my hair? With a last hope that it was all a nightmare, I peeked at the mirror again. My tear-stained face and chopped bangs proved that I hadn't been dreaming. I was ugly now. I thought about having to see my friends again. Maybe the worst punishment was yet to come.

The Wordster continued from p. 2

are being erected, stifling freedoms which are a basic necessity of human nature. The freedom of expression, whether guaranteed by the United States Constitution, or abridged by rules and regulations voted on by the people's representatives in Congress, allows any person who has something to say, regardless of the statement's inferred benefit or possible detriment to society's supposed morals, to say what they will. No one should ever be forced or coerced to listen to or take seriously any utterance made—what one person sees as having merit another person may see as offensive. Those of us who have survived this far in a world where pressures to influence and control our lives are felt almost daily, can surely distinguish between empty talk and words of substance. Censorship begins with and ends with the senses. Disregard that which offends and it means nothing. Nothing cannot offend.

He was born in the nineties
the cliche
preparing for the decade
the hey day
—1989

Censorship begins with and ends with the senses. Disregard that which offends and it means nothing. Nothing cannot offend.

The decade of the nineties was ushered in with much reflection being done about the preceding decades. Fascination with events which occurred in the 1960's proliferated as magazine issues and television programs were devoted to the music and the happenings of one of the most turbulent eras in U.S. history. As 1969, the summer of Woodstock, came to a close, leaving behind an eventful decade to reflect upon and the unrealized events of the next decade open for speculation, it was perhaps then that the decade syndrome was conceived. No doubt as the nines turn to zeros there will be much recollection of the preceding decade's, cliches, and trends. The decade syndrome will, however, lose its significance as the year twenty-hundred gives birth to a whole new age of expression. The century syndrome will begin in approximately eight years. Until then we can recollect on the vast array of experiences the former decades held and look with anticipation to the next 10 years. Where were you 10 years ago?

Mike L. Mallory

**S U B M I T T O
A V A L O N**

Deadline for the March
edition of 'Avalon' is
March 21

Love, Against The Far Reaches of Time

"Es tan largo el olvido"
—Pablo Neruda

My love, they may not want to know, but if they do,
They could as well ask you as me
about the truth in Neruda's line
that "love is so short and forgetting is so long";
it is hard to understand, but I agree, don't you,
that love lasts beyond the far reaches of time.

Tell me, who sings you now? Not I.
But since I sang you then, when we were young,
I shall sing or speak or cry or breathe your name again
down the far reaches of time,
because, of all that I have known or lost
of friends, of pleasures, or of meager fame,
of injustices and redress, and of the cost
of worldly glory, and of heaven's gain,
only you go on, as lovely as you came.

The years may steal my fondest dream;
a favorite song, a brown-and-yellow marble, a town, a name
or take my friends, my sight, my voice, my mind;
Still, since love is not a thing, a word, a thought, or a scheme,
the years are powerless to ever change
the feelings that I have for you. They remain
and my heart remembers beyond the far reaches of time.

The world itself will end they say, in war
in fire, in tidal wave, in tremor or
as the sun goes out or stars collide
But what we felt and did and were is more
than earth and sea and sky and can withstand
both shell and flame, tide and quake, and human pain,
It is life's essence whose beauty always lies inward—
The one clear truth in us, yours and mine,
that will live and flourish against the far reaches of time.

Dr. Vernon L. Peterson



T. Rob Brown

Hamburgers, Beans, and Potato Chips

Don't ask me 'bout the past.
Don't ask me 'bout 'Nam.
All I'll tell you is that you got to move on.
Don't ask me 'bout Bush.
Don't ask me 'bout Quayle.
As far as I know, the devil has a tail.
I don't care about Congress or the ABC news.
I listen to Muddy Waters if I want to get the blues.
If I have nothing else before the world is
Blown to bits.
I hope I'm eating hamburgers, beans, and potato chips.

Don't ask me 'bout sex.
Don't ask me 'bout AIDS.
I'm not interested in lectures that make you afraid.
Don't ask me 'bout crack.
Don't ask me 'bout cocaine.
I wouldn't know the pleasure, I wouldn't know the pain.
I don't like to hear everyone else's advice.
I've always had the ability to stop and think twice.
I'm not concerned with the punishment the murderer gets.
I just want my hamburgers, beans, and potato chips.

I'm just a family man, so leave me alone.
It's hard enough just keeping up with my home.
I don't know if the arms race will ever have a winner.
I just want to know what I'm having for dinner.
I really don't mind if my job don't pay so great.
As long as I can still put good food on a paper plate.
At the end of a long day when I'm ready to eat,
Hamburgers, beans, and chips just can't be beat.

So...

Don't ask me 'bout the rich.
Don't ask me 'bout the poor.
No matter who gets the money, they always want more.
Don't ask me 'bout the cults.
Don't ask me 'bout the gangs.
I could never be a part of anything so strange.
All I can protect is my very own turf.
A back yard with a fence, a swingset, and a nerf.
Where we can have our cookouts and afternoon picnics.
With hamburgers, beans, and potato chips.

Brian Webster

The Brink of Life

Lust, desire, temptation
all manifest themselves in my mixed-up mind
Still a child, yet a woman just the same
A man to marry, and a baby to name.
Is this every young girls' ultimate dream?
To have a family that will make everyone beam.
Well, not for me, at least not soon
I want to make it big and eat with the silver spoon.
A man can't give me what I myself can't find
that's power, love, and a peace of mind.

Juliette E. Bartlett

See this movie and waste a couple of hours

BY MIKE L. MALLORY
ASSISTANT EDITOR

The advertisement for the new movie release, *Flashback*, starring Dennis Hopper and Kiefer Sutherland, which features a scene from the movie where Hopper says "once we get through with the nineties, we will make the sixties look like the fifties," may lead one to believe that *Flashback* is a flashback to the future.

The movie *Flashback*, though the title has obvious hallucinogenic inferences, has little to do with tripping, time or otherwise.

Flicks

The movie features Dennis Hopper, but the action revolves just as much or even more around Sutherland's character. Sutherland plays FBI agent John Buckner, who is sent by the FBI to transport radical war protester Huey Walker, (Hopper), from San Francisco to Spokane to face charges of flight from justice. Walker was originally arrested in 1969 for playing a prank on Spiro Agnew.

Upon his capture Walker offers no resistance to Buckner. The reason for Walker's willing cooperation isn't revealed until the movie is well under way.

Buckner, who has an alarm on his wristwatch to alert him when it is time to take his vitamins, makes no secret of his initial dislike of Walker. Telling Walker that his father had died serving in Vietnam, Buckner lied to show his contempt for Walker, an outspoken political activist who Buckner was very much aware of, though he wouldn't admit it. His lying about the death of his father was something Buckner probably did many other times since disowning both of his parents because of their lifestyles.

Buckner's health consciousness resulted from his being raised on a commune in Oregon, an area the two just happen to be travelling through by train when Walker decides to make his escape. After being crossed by local authorities, Buckner and Walker are forced into a relationship where they both come to learn about the nature of the rebel.

During a visit to the foreclosed commune where Buckner grew up, the last person to still live there, Maggie, played by Carol Kane, provides insights to Buckner's childhood via home movies. Buckner left his parent's home at an early age to get away from the ridicule he was subjected to at school. Buckner could not accept his parent's differentness, he wanted to be just like the other children. Because of the far-out clothing he wore he stood out when all he wanted to do was blend in. Named Free by the parents he disowned, Buckner deals with an inner struggle of conformity vs. rebellion.

The movie, *Flashback*, though the title has obvious hallucinogenic inferences, has little to do with tripping, time or otherwise.

Huey Walker, a political activist in the 1960's, was made the scapegoat for a crime that he didn't actually commit. By being in the wrong place at the right time, Walker had taken responsibility for an act of protest which gained him legendary status among the flower children and political activists who looked to him as a leading force in the fight against war and restricted freedoms. On the run from authorities for twenty years, Walker spent two years with a Mexican circus where he learned escape techniques which prove useful to him in avoiding detention.

Passing himself off as FBI agent Buckner, Walker sheds

Flashback

★½
out of ★★★★

Dennis Hopper.....Huey Walker
Kiefer Sutherland.....John Buckner
Carol Kane.....Maggie
Cliff De Young.....Sheriff Hightower
A Paramount Pictures release. Produced by Marvin Worth. Directed by Franco Amurri. Screenplay by David Loughery. In theatres nationwide. Rated R (profanity, drug jokes, shooting)

his stereotypical hippie appearance, and Hopper sheds the typecast weird persona he has often used in portraying different characters in various movies during his lengthy career. In the words of agent Buckner, Walker was a rebel without applause.

Both characters go through changes which force them to examine their wishes for a rebellious and/or sedate lifestyle. Walker, who has existed for the past twenty years holding onto, and trying to live up to, his rebel without a cause image, much like Hopper's offscreen experiences, opts for a more quiet existence. Buckner loosens up as a result of his contact with Walker and begins to reconcile his past.

Dennis Hopper, who was nominated for an Oscar for his portrayal of a drunk in *Hoosiers*, and directed Sean Penn in the movie, *Colors*, has had a relatively easy ride this past decade, taking most jobs that come his way. Set to play a presidential candidate in *Running Mates* later this year, Hopper can only go up, if the movie *Flashback* is to be used as a barometer for his choice of acting roles.

Directed by Franco Amurri, in his American debut *Flashback* is a trip worth taking only if you have a couple of hours to waste.

'Stanley and Iris' looks at illiteracy problem

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release might not be a funny movie, but is a great human drama

BY MIKE L. MALLORY
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Stanley and Iris, a new movie release from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featuring Robert De Niro as an illiterate who gets fired from his job because he cannot read, and Jane Fonda as the person who helps Stanley learn how to read, would have made a great after-school special.

This adaptation of Paul Barker's *Union Street*, with such well-known box-office names as Fonda and De Niro, however, is much better suited for the big screen.

Such basic necessities of modern life as being able to pass a driver's test, being able to know what street signs to follow to find his way across town, and being able to read the label on a bottle of ibuprofen were impossible for Stanley Cox because he had never learned how to read. Having accepted not being able to read as a fact of his life and being weary of asking for help, Stanley was unwilling to seek assistance that would enable him to function on a level of competency that before was unimaginable to him.

When Stanley met Iris, he saw in her the qualities of patience and understanding that were needed to accomplish what he believed to be impossible, to learn how to write and read.

Stanley and Iris is not a very funny movie. It is not an action-packed thriller with car chases and shootings. *Stanley and Iris* is a human drama, showing what determination along with the help of a friend can accomplish.

One early scene in the movie appeared to be comical when it occurred. When Iris still hasn't found out that

Stanley is illiterate she is in a shoe repair shop to pick up the cheap shoes she had left to be repaired. Stanley comes in to pick up a pair of shoes he had left to be worked on. The shop owner tells Stanley he can't have his shoes without a claim ticket unless he will sign his name. Stanley jumps the counter and takes his shoes and leaves. After finding out that Stanley can not write, this scene takes on more than comical dimensions. Not being able to write his own name Stanley couldn't open a bank account, register to vote, or even spell his father's name for a death certificate.

Jane Fonda in the role of Iris King plays a recent widow who is not without some complications in her own life. After taking care of her ailing husband to his deathbed, it is understandable that Iris is not actively searching for someone to replace the memory of the man she had taken care of for so long. Stanley Cox recognizes Iris as the person who could help him with his struggle. Once Iris breaks through the obstacle of entering the close relationship required to show Stanley that he is as capable as anyone to learn to read, she begins to cope with her loss while helping Stanley overcome the self-doubt which had plagued him. When Stanley first says to Iris, "teach me to read," a lasting friendship is underway.

Both Stanley's and Iris's family lives are shown as the relationships each of them share in their respective households are explored.

Stanley who attended a different school almost every month while traveling with his father had a short attention span as a result of staying up late, watching John Wayne movies and playing poker with his dad. The lack of a permanent home added to the difficulties Stanley encountered

learning to read and write. Stanley is a man who wouldn't kill a mosquito, can recite the Latin names of any tree, a skill he acquired after talking to a gardener for two hours. He also invents remarkable gadgets.

Iris King is the only working member of a household which includes her daughter, portrayed by Martha Plimpton, her son, her sister, Joann, portrayed by Swoosie Kurtz and Joann's out-of-work husband. The side effects of unemployment are shown as Joann's cookie jar money is 'stolen' by her husband to buy beer.

Directed by Martin Ritt, *Stanley and Iris* deals with the subject of illiteracy in a one-to-one situation.

Stanley can't read.
Stanley meets Iris.
Stanley gets fired from his job.
Stanley asks Iris to help him learn to read.
Stanley likes Iris.
Iris teaches Stanley to read.
Stanley gets drunk.
Stanley gets jobs cleaning out bathrooms and digging ditches.
Iris likes Stanley.
Stanley sleeps with Iris.
Iris sleeps with Stanley—and the memory of her dead husband.
Iris's daughter gets pregnant.
Stanley gets a new job in Detroit.
Stanley writes letters to Iris.
Stanley gets a new car.
Stanley gets the girl.
I get to write this review.

BRUISES PER MINUTE

A concert is a terrible thing to waste

*All of us here on the **AVALON** staff are pretty depressed. We came away from Ministry's concert without bloodshed. My only definite pain was realized when a left knee caught me in the wrong spot, if you know what I mean.*

Ministry wasn't the only band making the rounds during the past month. The Mighty Lemon Drops & The Ocean Blue were in Columbia one night and Lawrence the next. After learning that Ricky Van Shelton was coming to Joplin, I realized that one must travel to see a decent show.

*Since I haven't been to a dance club in the past few weeks, I'm having a hard time keeping up with what is played. I never really had my finger on the pulse to begin with, but I could tell if something was new and different. Thus I felt I had a commitment to pass the information on. From now on, you can just forget it. If I was flogging this staff five across the top in **THE CHART**, I would be concerned and I would have a conscience about what the readers think. But I'm realistic. This is page seven of **AVALON**. In the midst of poetry and short fiction, this page turns out to be more of a short circuit than anything else.*

Damn it, John Ford. I thought Janis Joplin died years ago. To this day, she haunts our office through John's cassette stereo. My ears hurt.

This edition's page is one steeped in quirky lists. My pals John Ford and Steve Moore have helped me out this time. Should be interesting.

**Music you should buy.
RIGHT NOW.**

THE POWER OF LARD—LARD—Jello Biafra of the Dead Kennedys and Alien Jourgensen team on this E.P. and take the now cliché potshots at televangelists.

THEMES OF VIOLENT RETRIBUTION—Mussolini Headkick—Another group that kills us with politics but makes up for it with a good beat. Where are my priorities?

Steve Moore: If I had money, I would spend it on this

1. The Power of Lard
2. My own cassette of The Psychedelic Furs' 'All of This and Nothing'
3. A Ford Fairmont McLaren (1981 model, of course)
4. Blank tapes so I can copy all of Chris's stuff. And darn good stuff it is.
5. Revolting Cock's LP 'Big Sexy Land'
6. Every T-shirt from Wax Trax Records

DON'T WEAR FUR



More than ready to get hurt

Ministry sends Tulsa crowd into 'thrash frenzy'

BY CHRISTOPHER CLARK
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

Coming from *Ministry*'s Jan. 29 concert in Tulsa, my only regret was that I didn't come away with stab wounds, because I was more than ready to get hurt.

Held in Cain's Ballroom, this was to be my first concert where I could legitimately fear for my safety. Stories were abounding about problems at some of *Ministry*'s other concerts around the country, so my friends and I were curious.

But everything would be alright. Trust me.

Opening for *Ministry* was *KMFDM*, an industrial quartet out of West Germany. It was during their second song that the night's first slam pit emerged. I had slammed before at a club in Houston to some jerk-off beat band, but I was inexperienced and certainly not ready for this.

I was dancing in place, just minding my own business, when the first pit opened up. The pit was a good twenty feet away, and getting in there looked like fun. However, I was hesitant and the pit soon closed. Still unhurt.

Later, still during *KMFDM*'s set, a second pit opened. I signaled to my friend Steve Moore that this was our time to go in. We rushed over and submitted ourselves to the whirlpool of bouncing and bruised bodies. We were separated in the circle, and I was thrown around quite a bit. I was able to keep my wits about me, as I began to look for Steve in hopes of pounding him. He was wearing his *Ministry* concert T-shirt, so I knew what to look for. By chance he was slamming next to a guy wearing the same shirt, so I ended up accidentally nailing him instead of Steve. Next time, Steve. I promise.

After getting my family planners rocked by some guy's knee, I left the pit. No more of that, at least for the time being.

For the rest of *KMFDM*'s set, I was content to bounce up and down, rock my head around and go deaf. *KMFDM* played out a great set that primed everyone for *Ministry*. What we weren't ready for was the excruciating wait we would endure between acts. For what seemed hours, hip-hop blared out the bass and some of us began to wonder whether we had come to see *Ministry* or *Public Enemy*.

Finally, lead singer Al Jourgensen and company came on stage and sent the crowd into thrash frenzy. I really don't remember what song *Ministry* opened with. I know it was loud. Yeah, it was loud.

Joining Jourgensen on stage for the show was Ogre from *Skinny Puppy*, among others from such bands as *U.K. Subs*, *Revolting Cocks*, and *Rigor Mortis*.

Those expecting *Ministry* to perform some of their earlier dance floor faves like "(Everyday is) Halloween", "All Day", and "The Nature of Love" were sadly disappointed. This was clearly a show for speed, churning guitars, and real drums. Most of the show's material came from *Ministry*'s last two long-plays, "The Land of Rape and Honey," and "The Mind Is a Terrible Thing to Taste."

Songs built for speed and a slam pit included "Thieves", "The Missing", "Burning Inside", and "Stigmata."

By the time "Stigmata" rolled around, my ears were feeling the pinch and I was hurtin' all over the place. First, I was deaf. Then, a cramp from hell made its way up and down my left leg and I thought I was finished. But there was one battle left to be fought.

Toward the latter stages of the concert, I was getting beat

Without a doubt, the highlight of the show came when Ogre from Skinny Puppy caught a can of beer in the face. Like a true champ, he kept right on singing. I bet Ogre would have kept on singing even if someone had jumped onstage and put a chainsaw in his back.

badly by a rather large guy slamming next to me with some of his friends. I enlisted Steve's aid and we kicked some butt. I never thought such a good time could be had by getting banged in the ribs.

Without a doubt, the highlight of the show came when Ogre from *Skinny Puppy* caught a can of beer in the face. Like a true champ, he kept right on singing. I bet Ogre would have kept on even if someone had jumped on stage and put a chainsaw in his back.

The show ended with an encore that featured the distribution of what seemed to be an endless supply of beer. Unfortunately for us, we were too far back to partake of the goodies, but no matter. It was a long haul back to Joplin and we certainly didn't need the booze.

The concert ended with "The Land of Rape and Honey," an extremely danceable industrial ditty. This was a crowd participation number as most everyone sang with Jourgensen. The end had come too soon to a show that promoted hearing loss and bad attitudes, and I loved every minute of it.

I'll never forget smashing that opossum into oblivion on the way home. What a mess. What an evening.

Takin' Flight

The early morning light
Reflecting on the water's still surface
Almost caught me by surprise
As I softly walked to the cat-tails
Lining the pond's edge

I have my trusty rifle
I've brought plenty of shells
I'm going to bag my limit
Going to make the boys proud
I think as I sit down to wait

Suddenly, a loud quacking above me
I shoulder the rifle silent and swift
And glance through the crosshairs
As I prepare to squeeze off a shot

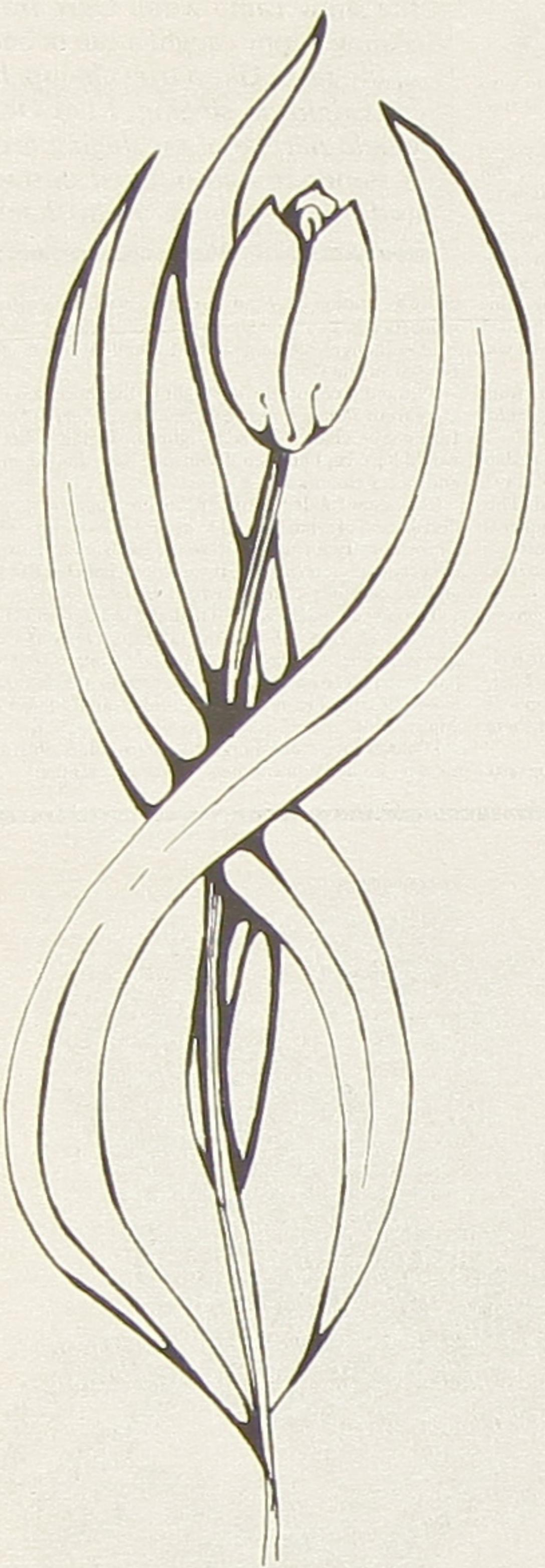
But as I draw my bead
Before letting the shot fly
I see the ducks as I've never seen them before
Green neck shining like an emerald

I just can't do it

John L. Ford



Mark Ansell



Mary's Room

There's a picture of Rob Lowe just above the bed,
Where every night Mary lays her head.
There's a novelty stop sign hanging on the door.
Yesterday's clothes are lying on the floor.
The closet is where you'll find tomorrow's clothes,
And in Mary's diary are the secrets that only Mary
Knows.
The flowers in the window are now in full bloom.
None of the boys in town have ever made it to
Mary's room.

Mary goes to the high school and she is very shy.
She won't talk for long.
She won't look you in the eye.
You won't get a date with her no matter how hard
You try.
And if you try to get her attention, she'll only
Pass you by.
This girl wants more than just an average guy.

But one boy drives by Mary's house every night.
All the rooms are dark, but in Mary's window, there's
A light.
Something in his heart insists that Mary would be just
Right for him.
So he parks across the street with his engines running
Hot.
But he never stays for long because he's scared of getting
Caught.
Sometimes he just drives around the block,
Thinking of a plan,
Looking for a plot.
He desperately wants to give Mary something she hasn't got.
But every night he goes home alone.

The days rush by like boxcars on a train.
Nothing ever changes,
Everything stays the same.
From the loneliness of her room, Mary feels scared
She's going insane.
She has to do something about it.
So one day she meets a boy from the darker side of
Town.
They get to know each other and begin to date around.
But the relationship goes too far too soon.
One cold winter night, they go into Mary's room.

The doctor tells Mary she is pr
Her innocence is scarred,
Her body is defiled.
From Mary's window comes th
Sweet and wild.
And withering like Mary's dre
She calls her boyfriend and tel
He denies the child is his.
He tells her he doesn't care.
Feeling so alone, Mary begs hi
But he hangs up and leaves to

Tonight Mary is crying in her
Trying to find an answer,
Looking for another start.
She wants to get a knife and
Heart,
But it does no good to cut wh
Like a promise that was whisp
Somewhere in the darkness u
Somewhere in the darkness o

Hopelessly in love, he drives t
Parks his car across the street,
He's as quiet as a mouse.
He wants to talk to Mary and
Her out,
Just to tell her how he feels.
Driven by a desire that he car
He gets out of his sedan and
As if he suddenly forgot what
He walks towards Mary's wind

Mary gets out of bed when sh
And rushes to her window as
Parked across the street was a
And someone was crossing the
Coming to her window,
A MAN!
She watches in surprise as he
Down below,
And in the light he looks kind
A once-smothered hope sud
Growing inside her.

He looks up at her and wave
He asks her if she would like
To a place where dreams are
Mile.
Mary knows he is more than

regnant with a child.
the stench of dying flowers,
ms.
Is him she is scared.
im to be fair,
oun and is gone forever.
bedroom in the dark,
rip the pain from her
at's already broken,
eptered and not spoken,
nder the moon.
f Mary's room.
to Mary's house,
he wants to take
n't control anymore,
shuts the door.
he was waiting for,
dow.
e hears a car door slam,
fast as she can.
a shiny sedan,
e street,
e approaches the bushes
d of like Rob Lowe.
denly begins to grow,
es and gives her a smile.
to go riding with him a while,
e rediscovered at every
just an average guy.

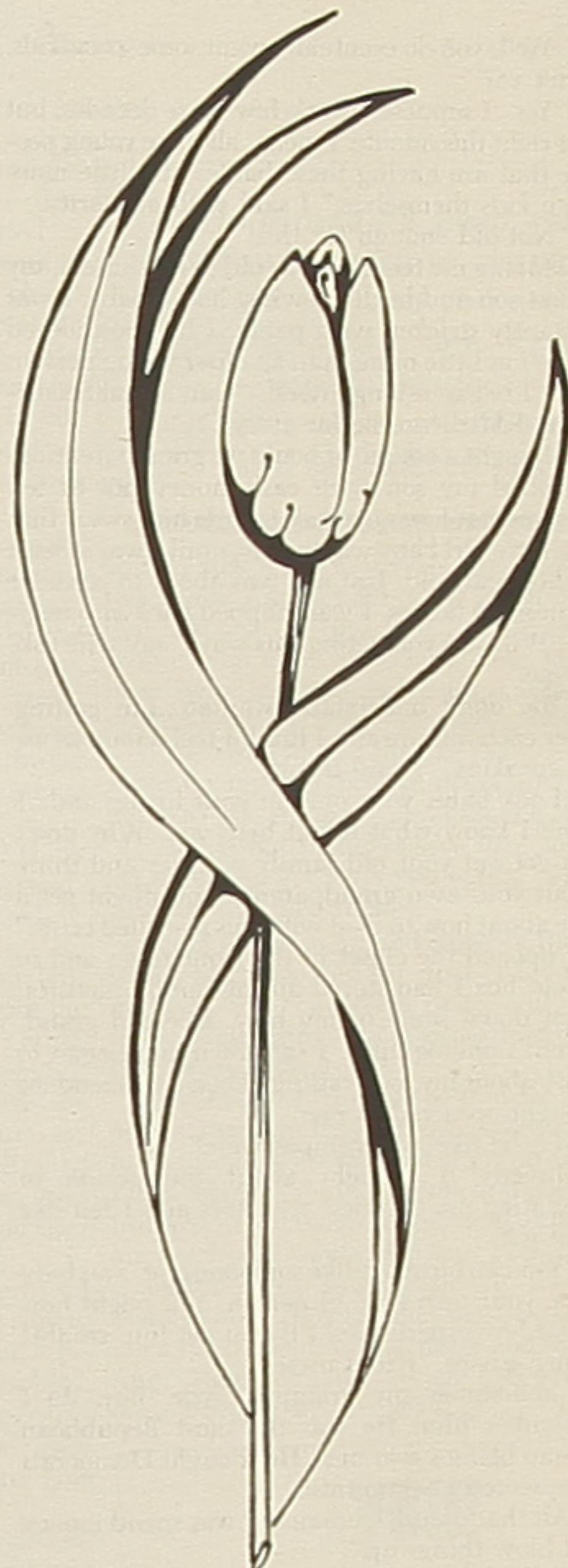
So for all the lonely nights, Mary packs her case.
For all the broken promises, she gets out of that
Place.
For all the fleeting dreams, she would give chase,
And nothing would stop her now.
The two of them could make things better somehow.
And by morning, they'd stand at a river in a loving
Embrace.

Love was found again by the foggy riverside.
One year later, he took Mary for his bride.
And for the rest of their lives, he was always
By her side.
He was an old man when Mary passed away.
And those last precious moments as he held Mary's
Hand,
He felt a powerful love that he couldn't understand.
In the soft, dying light, Mary had never looked so grand,
As she did when she told him she loved him for the last
Time.

On a soft spring morning, he drives by her old home.
It's the first time in a long time that he's ever
Been alone.
In a flowerpot are some flowers that Mary had just
Grown,
Just before she died.
Just like the old times, he sits and watches her window,
Where a much younger Mary would stand to feel the wind
Blow,
And the place where all of Mary's flowers would grow.
Now he knows just what to do.
With the flowers under his arm, he gets out and shuts
The door,
Just like he had on that magical night, so many years
Before.
Now that the time is right, and those flowers are in
Full bloom,
He takes them inside the empty place and puts them on
The window sill,
In Mary's room.

And he knows that he'll miss his Mary
Each and every day,
When he gets back into his car alone, and
Finally drives away.

Brian Webster



Grampas

by Michael Penn Lee Herndon

I told my friend Barney that I didn't know how to be a grandpa.

"Why do you suppose my son did this to me?"

"Well, you do eventually want some grandkids, don't ya?"

"Yes...I suppose, after a few more decades; but not right this minute. I mean, all these young people that are having these babies are little more than kids themselves," I said with authority.

"Not old enough for this!"

Making me feel about as old as Methusela, my eldest son and his little wifey had a baby. I was instantly stricken with panic. I had considered myself as little more than an older young person. Now I began asking myself, "Can Social Security and Medicare be far away?"

I bought a couple of books on grandparenting. I bribed my son with cash-money not to tell anyone that I was his dad. I made him swear that this little girl baby was the last until I was at least eighty years old. Just as I was about to consider retirement homes, I was snapped back into reality, "Why are you acting this way?" my wife asked me.

"You don't understand woman...I'm getting older each minute and I think I feel a pain as we are speaking," I said feebly.

"Look babe, your only in your forties and...I think I know what might help you. Why don't you get out your old family pictures and think about your own grandparents. You might get a clue about how to deal with this so-called crisis."

I opened the closet in the front room and in an old box I had stored all my family pictures. I got down some of my now deceased grandparent's photographs. I sat down and began to think about my own raising. Then a tremendous thought occurred to me:

"I'll be like my grampas were!"

Directly, I thought about the notion of emulating my two best ancestors and I felt like a nit-wit.

"You can't just act like someone else...you have to be your own kind of person. You might borrow a few experiences... if you get into trouble giving advice," I told myself.

I remember my grampa Clyde. Boy, do I remember him! He was the most Republican human being I ever met. He thought Democrats were secretly communists.

"All that damn Truman did was spend money and blow things up."

Clyde was the most opinionated person I would ever come to know. You might wonder if I too became opinionated. Well, I didn't. I absolutely know what I know!

Clyde used to see some T.V. personality and...

"Now look at that jack-ass; how could a person get paid to get on T.V. and say that kind of stuff?"

I remember a nearby grocer that Clyde had often traded with. One day he came home and announced, "I'll never go inside that damn store

again! I asked old Butts if the price of pork and beans had gone up and he got smart with me and tried to overcharge me."

You better believe that my grampa Clyde never went inside that store again. Years later, the grocer tried to make peace—but he might just as well of tried to fly to the moon. For Clyde, the philosophy...WE WILL ONLY TRY TO CHEAT EACH OTHER ONCE...was sacred law!

Grampa Clyde taught me a lesson that I will never forget. All of us cousins were gathered at his house one thanksgiving and we had been told not to go into his bedroom. Well, you don't tell boys not to do something, unless you are planning to physically restrain them. We went right into the bedroom and looked for his hidden Kentucky sippin' whiskey. All we wanted to do was smell the stuff. He caught us, and when he came in he closed the door. We were sure we were near death. But, he calmly walked in and told us to take a good, stout, and paralyzing drink of the one hundred and one proof bourbon.

I remember my grandpa Clyde....He was the most Republican human being I ever met. He thought Democrats were secretly communists.
"All that damn Truman ever did was spend money and blow things up."

"If you boys are gonna drink...you gotta throw back quite a bit. Back in Kentucky, them young'ns that drink can swaller the whole bottle," he said.

We did not want to be considered "pansies!" So, we each took a liberal swallow and...

"It's burnin'! I'm burnin'...inside my guts!" To this day...I do not drink whiskey.

His favorite admonition was, "You haven't even seen the elephant poop yet!"

I think he meant that...before you try to give advice, know what in the Sam-hell you are talking about. It probably wouldn't hurt a few of our politicians to heed that advice. Grampa Clyde had a couple of other sayings...

"Walk slow, and drink a lot of water," or "You just take a pill and you'll have to..."

My favorite warning was, "Start nothing that you don't plan to finish."

This saying has served me very well. I have learned that any initiative must be joined by a commitment.

My mom's daddy I called Grampa LeRoy. The cloth he was cut from was softer and a little more resilient. Perhaps this was because he was legally blind. Well, he may have been blind in his physical eyes, but his insight was 20-29. He lived in Northern Missouri on a little acreage. He shared a warm and love-filled little home with his "Dutch" wife. These good people were of the

country. They had good manners and warm loving hearts. I think the biggest difference between Grampa LeRoy and Grampa Clyde was the "sweetness" factor. Both grampas were loving...but Grampa LeRoy was the sweetest. Today sweetness is often confused with weakness. In the lifetime of my grampas, LeRoy's sweetness was fully and completely understood.

I used to get up early so I could have breakfast with Grampa LeRoy and "Dutch." They fed us fatty-bacon, eggs, toast, coffee with sugar and heavy cream, and oatmeal. After this tremendous feeding, grampa would exit the house via the backporch and with the help of a rope that was tied from the house to the barn, he would make his way up to the barnlot. Inside the barn there was an old corn-cob bin. Inside the bin he hid his "hootch" from the "Dutch" pentecostal female. After a couple of blasts that would blind the average person, grampa would make his way back down the rope and into the house. At this point he would bite off a section of his plug tobacco and sit down to enjoy the day.

From this grampa, then, I learned that it was O.K. to enjoy the good things of this world, and without any explanation. I have since learned that many people are bothered by taking a day off or enjoying some of their increases. But thanks to my grampa, I learned that recreating is a natural part of living.

"You know child," he would say to me, "Pau Harvey warns us, just like the Good-book, that people are a'movin' too fast sometimes. They just seem to be in such a hurry."

After a day of separating cream, gathering eggs, feeding chickens, and such as that, my grandparents taught me my best things. When it got dark, they would trim the lamps, and adjust the oil furnace and get ready for bed. I always slept in the roll-away bed near the furnace. I could hear the last sounds the two made before falling asleep, "Baby...your feet are like ice."

"Well, I walked from the kitchen."

"You better let me warm them up for ya, grampa would tell her. "Thank you sweet Jesus for this family of mine and mostly thank you for this good woman."

Now, I am supposed to be a grandparent in that tradition? I am not fit to tie their shoe-laces. This grand baby of mine is gonna need me...Dearest Lord...I wish my grampas were here with me now, I need them and so does my grandbaby!

Attention: The deadline for submissions to the March issue of Avalon is noon March 21. Submissions include short story, poetry, artwork, photography, reviews, and essay done by students, faculty, or staff members. If you're interested in submitting material, drop it by Room 117 of Hearnes Hall.

The Frat Prank

short fiction by Bryan Brown

No one in his right mind would go out in the streets dressed like that," Mother said. "I've got to," I said.

"But a straight jacket?", she asked.

"Remember Richie Sullivan?" I inquired.

"Isn't he the boy that was in the accident with you quite a few years ago?" she replied.

"Yeah, I don't think he's gotten over that yet. Well, now he's in charge of the fraternity's initiations. Now I've got to get going or else they'll think that I chickened out." The only sound to be heard was the slamming door.

I ran down the street as everyone stared at me—who could blame them, it isn't every day that a guy runs down the street in a straight jacket. I finally got to the corner of 20th and Pine and stood under the street light like I was instructed to do. The nippy air chilled me as I stood waiting for the guys to come and pick me up.

Suddenly, there was the roar of an engine as a van came around the corner. As I saw the side of the van, I realized that I had been set up. I started running. I ducked around the corner and came to 17th and Oak. Several men jumped out of the van and chased me for about a hundred feet, then tackled me, harder than I can recall ever being hit. They threw me into their van. As I sat there waiting to arrive at our destination, I noticed a small trickle of blood on the side of my head.

I was given a tranquilizer and put into a room by myself. I immediately fell asleep. Just as soon as I was out, I awakened again and saw a guy in the other corner. But I paid no attention to him, because for the time-being I only had one thing on my mind—getting out of this mess.

He came over and sat down beside me. All I could think about was how I was going to explain this to my mother. He stood up and started to circle the room. I sat there like prey waiting for a hovering vulture. I decided that I was going to be there for a while, so I might as well talk to this other guy. I stood up as he stepped from the brightly-lit room into the dark corner. I couldn't even tell the color of his skin. I noticed he was chanting something, but I couldn't tell what it was. I returned to my corner and started to think about what Richie had done to me and started to get upset.

I looked into his eyes again and they set my heart afire. An uncontrollable rage overtook me.

The words to the chant became increasingly clearer. I walked over to him to listen to this chant. He turned his head and slowly started to chant, "I am you, and you are I. Separate we are one, together we are deadly." This chant mystified and bewildered me. I asked him what the doctors said was wrong with him. He replied, "If only I could escape my body and be like everyone else. Everyone knows that to kill someone is wrong, but still they think about it. I am the type of person that goes ahead and does what they think."

This was just a little bit bizarre to me, so I asked him his name. He replied that his name was the same as mine. When he told me, it was correct. I started to think that this was part of the fraternity's initiation but it was too out-of-the-ordinary for them. I listened as he spoke freely.

"Every man can distinguish right from wrong, yet still they think about killing people in the far recesses of their minds. Me, instead of thinking about it, I do it."

"I know what you are talking about. I think about killing people. I am not so horrible for that. Still I wouldn't actually kill a man," I said.

"Why not?"

"The only person that I really think about killing is that Richie Sullivan, the guy that put me in here. When we were at my grandfather's farm, my grandparents left us and told us to be careful. Richie thought that it would be neat to ride the tractor. I told him not to, but he did it anyway. He couldn't control it so I pushed him off of it. When I did, I hit the gear shift and it ran over his legs. They took him to the hospital, and they had to amputate one of his legs."

As I sat there and wept, he just sat there and stared at me. I looked into his eyes and slowly my tears disappeared. No matter how much pity I felt for Richie I couldn't shed a tear for him. Because for seven years he made me regret trying to save his life. I looked into his eyes again and they set my heart afire. An uncontrollable rage overtook me.

Then after seven hours a sudden burst of light came through the door. The guy told me I was free to go. As they took the straight jacket off of me, my arms ached from being in that precarious position for such a long time. They showed me to the door and there stood Richie with that smug look on his face. He walked with me to the frat house, laughing hideously the whole time. He had that same look on his face as he did the day of the accident.

We were finally at the frat house. We walked in the door and inside the door hung a banner that said "Welcome Back Loony." The guys ask-

He turned his head and slowly began to chant, "I am you and you are I. Separate, we are one, together we are deadly."
This chant mystified and bewildered me.

ed him how it felt to survive the roughest initiation in Phi Kappa Beta house history. I decided that this was the time that I was going to show Richie what I had saved him from. There would be no help; just pain and death. I asked if I could see Richie in the study for about seven minutes.

We walked in and for five minutes we talked about my night in the asylum and in the next half minute I picked up the gun hanging on the wall. "I'm sorry that I tried to save you. Now I'm going to let you get what you want," There was a gunshot and then silence.

The guys came up and stood in the door and stared at Richie and the pool of blood lying by his head. They called the police and I was taken in for questioning. My attorney told me to plead temporary insanity.

I remember sitting at the murder trial. I was on the stand, and my attorney asked me who was in the room with me that night in the asylum. I told them all about the man and our talk. They brought in the records to show that there wasn't anyone in the room with me. They asked me if I could describe him. I said no, then I guess I blacked out. They tell me they held a picture of me up and I went into a trance and started chanting, "I am you, and you are I. Separate we are one, together we are deadly!"

YO!!!

The deadline for submissions to the March issue of 'Avalon' is noon March 21. Submissions include short story, poetry, artwork, photography, reviews, and essay done by students, faculty, or staff members. If you happen to have materials such as these just lying around, get them some fresh air by submitting them to 'Avalon,' located in Room 117 of Hearnes Hall.

Broken Mirrors

Looking through this mirror, I see
 Reflections of what used to be.
 Distorted images and fading memories.
 Now it hurts so bad to reminiscence.
 About all those things I now must miss.
 And I tell you I never thought it would come to this.

Because Father,
 I still remember all of the little things.
 Like the scent of the aerosol you wore in your hair.
 The sight of your shoes at the foot of the stairs.
 We would get excited because you always had
 Something to do.
 Like going somewhere to see a movie,
 Or just having ourselves a nice barbecue.
 That was the father I never knew.
 Now it's all over, and there's broken glass on
 The floor.
 My whole life shattered on that night you slammed
 The door.
 Don't you know that in a broken mirror, nothing
 Looks the same anymore.

Walking through this empty house I feel
 A sense of loneliness that's all too real,
 And a sadness that just can't be concealed.
 Now of all the little things I've known,
 One broken mirror will stand alone.
 We can't put it back together if we're on our own.

Because Mother,
 I can't do anything to keep you from crying.
 There was a time when you used to smile.
 I guess those days are gone for a while.
 I don't understand because you could always stop
 The pain in your special way.
 Like you always made me feel better,
 And you always knew what to say.
 Mom, it all seems like yesterday.
 Now I spend all of my time trying to find
 Someone to blame.
 And, Mom, I get so frustrated because now you're
 Not the same.
 Don't you know that in a broken mirror, nothing ever
 Looks right again.

Parents should take advice from a daughter or son,
 To realize that two parents really are better
 Than one.
 Because now I'm confused, and I don't know where
 To run.
 I wish you knew that what I'm saying is true.
 Can't you see that I'm a reflection of both of you?
 But you smashed the mirror and told me you
 Did what you had to do.
 The other night I dreamed we were together again.
 The two of you and me.
 We were playing back home in those old clothes
 The way we used to be.
 Father, I saw you at the store the other day,
 Shopping for yourself.
 Hesitating, you waved and smiled as if to say,
 You almost mistook me for somebody else.
 When I approached you, you seemed uncertain as I got nearer.
 You stood there looking somewhat bewildered.
 Sort of like you were looking into another broken mirror.



Mark Ancell

So I,
 I'll be the best parent I can be.
 I'll give my family all the love I can.
 A thousand hardships couldn't shake my plan.
 And every last mirror in my house will be polished
 So beautifully.
 Mother, we'll all be so happy.
 Father, I'll raise the most perfect family.
 Just you two wait and see.
 Because I'm holding onto a dream, and I'm
 Going to hold it tight.
 No matter how hard things get, I'll hold on
 With all my might.
 And I'll pick these shattered pieces off the
 Floor and make things right.

Tonight, as I prepare to sleep, there's nothing left
 To say.
 Everything will be all right because tomorrow's
 Another day.
 Some mirrors can be broken but they never go away.
 Now looking in my mirror, I've seen.
 Reflections of what could have been
 But I do believe that everything will be fine in
 The end.

I love you, Father.
 I love you, Mother.
 Goodnight.

Brian Webster

So you think you are free?

guest editorial by Michael Penn Lee Herndon

Sounding Board

Down in eastern Texas we used to have a saying. "Kill me, but don't steal my money."

When you think about it, money does seem to have too much importance to most people, and yet, without any money some of our population has been reduced to homelessness. Certainly we tend to think that amount of money we have is in direct ratio to happiness. Well, if it is true that citizens of this country, and probably other countries as well, think of money so very highly...why then do we allow our government to control so much of it? Answer: we think the government is our friend and always looks out for us, right? We are lazy and apathetic? We feel powerless?

Whatever our reasons for allowing the federal or state governments to control much of our earnings, we do seem to have abdicated the financial thrones of our lives. If you consider that most of us pay from 15 to 28 percent of our "off-the-top" directly to state and federal tax collectors, then if you add another 10 to 12 percent that we pay in added license fees, sales taxes, and every other kind of tax or fee, it turns out that we sometimes pay in excess of 50 percent of every dollar we earn to some type of entrenched governmental agency. Does this sound like taxation that equals representation?

If a bandit steals our money we are outraged! If one of our kids gets into our wallets or purse we take punitive action. Perhaps the time has come to take punitive action against the thieving, blood-sucking, con-job styled politico that tells us one thing when he seeks our vote and another

thing when he is "entrenched." You won't get the fox to pass legislation that bars him from the chicken-house of course, but, nothing prevents us from publishing his name in the newspaper alongside the list of things he voted to spend our money on. Then, if enough of us don't like the same things the fox liked, we place a bounty on the fox. The bounty is that the fox comes home in disgrace...forever!

What we need is a "break-out." There are all kinds of "break-outs" going on in eastern Europe right now. We watch on the news as Poland, East Germany, and other countries are coming into their own revolutionary periods. Perhaps we need to see that while we have not been victimized by a Communistic totalitarianism, we have been subjected to 40-50 years of socialism. According to economists, over 60 percent of the federal budget is spent on entitlement and defense payments that you and I pay for whether we believe in the welfare system or not. You should know that presently you are paying for weapon systems that don't work, abortions for other people's carelessness, a space program that may or may not have any practical application, and science programs that have existed thirty years without your having ever heard of them, endless machines that went in and out of date, programs that think-tanks thought might work, and on and on and on.

So, you think you are free, huh? Let me tell you that you are free to march to the step of the greedy politico that tells you "I'm giving myself a raise whether you like it or not.

"I vote for programs that you need, whether you know it or not.

"We need more money to improve education.

"We need strong defense programs.

"We'll take and take and take and take...."

Imagine the utter cheek of the group of less than 600 politicos and judges that DEMAND A PAY RAISE!

Imagine the idea that some silly lawyer can know, better than you can know, what is really good for you!

Think of the idea that Congress would suggest more money being poured into education when history has plainly proven that spending more money on education has given us students that can't read!

See, with me, the millions of dollars funneled into defense systems and related Pentagon toys are gone forever!

So, you think you are free huh? You are losing more of your freedom everyday. You are now told to fasten your seatbelts or else. You must wear a helmet on a motorcycle even if the helmet keeps you from hearing the sounds that might save your life. You do all of this because some politico decided, for you, what was proper to do. Did you realize that you were not smart enough to decide for yourself?

Well, let's see...you give up to fifty percent of your income to a group of men that have utter contempt for you, you are told where and when to do everything you do...you sure are free!

I subscribe to another idea of freedom. My idea of freedom includes the right to fail. That's right! I am given not only the right to succeed...but to fail as well. My idea says:

"If I want to ride my motorcycle without a helmet it's my right to do so—and if I die—I die."

And...

"I don't think you should ever get more than 8 to 10 percent of my income, Mr. Government."

If you can't do everything a government should do with less than 10 percent of the country's income...maybe you have gotten out of hand! I don't want to pay for everyone's abortion. I couldn't care less about a space program to impress the Soviets. No, my Politico...I would rather have freedom than progress with tyranny.

THE OPEN BOOK

'Zany' new release will please sci-fi lovers

BY T. ROB BROWN
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Once again, science fiction and fantasy aficionados will be pleased with the work of Douglas Adams. *The Long Dark Tea-Time of the Soul*, released December 1989, is the newest addition to Adams's novels. Adams is the author of the bestselling four-volume trilogy, yes "four-volume trilogy," *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

The Long Dark Tea-Time of the Soul is the second novel in his Dirk Gently detective series. The first was released December 1988 and was titled *Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency*. Both were published by Pocket Books, a division of Simon & Schuster, Inc. The new novel contains 307 pages of Adam's zany British humor and sells for \$4.95.

Unlike the first novel, the main character is Dirk Gently. Gently is a Cambridge England, detective who is having a difficult time paying his rent and other expenses. Gently is a very unusual person and has strong beliefs in such things as "the interconnectedness of all things" and the Quantum Theory of Physics. He is contacted by a prospec-

The novel is full of many different mysteries which are difficult for the reader to figure out, but that is what makes the novel exciting.... To put it simply, this is a detective/ horror/ romance/ comedy/ science-fiction/ unreal reality epic.

tive client and make plans to meet at 11:00 a.m. on a Saturday. But being the lazy person Gently is, he oversleeps and shows up at 2:00 p.m. only to find his client's head spinning on a turntable. And at about the same time a desk blows up at an airport, and is claimed to be, "an act of God" by the local newspapers. But this is just the beginning.

Is it possible, even for a detective greater than Sherlock Holmes and Dick Tracy combined, to

find the secrets behind these and other strange occurrences?

The book is much better than the first *Dirk Gently* novel, but still not as excellent as his *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* books. The only major problem with the new novel is the fact that he goes into too much detail about the Norse gods, although an important part of the book. He uses many examples of his zany British humor throughout the novel, which is a big plus for many readers.

The novel is full of many different mysteries which are difficult for the reader to figure out, but that is what makes the novel exciting. And the action really picks up when a giant eagle chases Dirk Gently and enters his house.

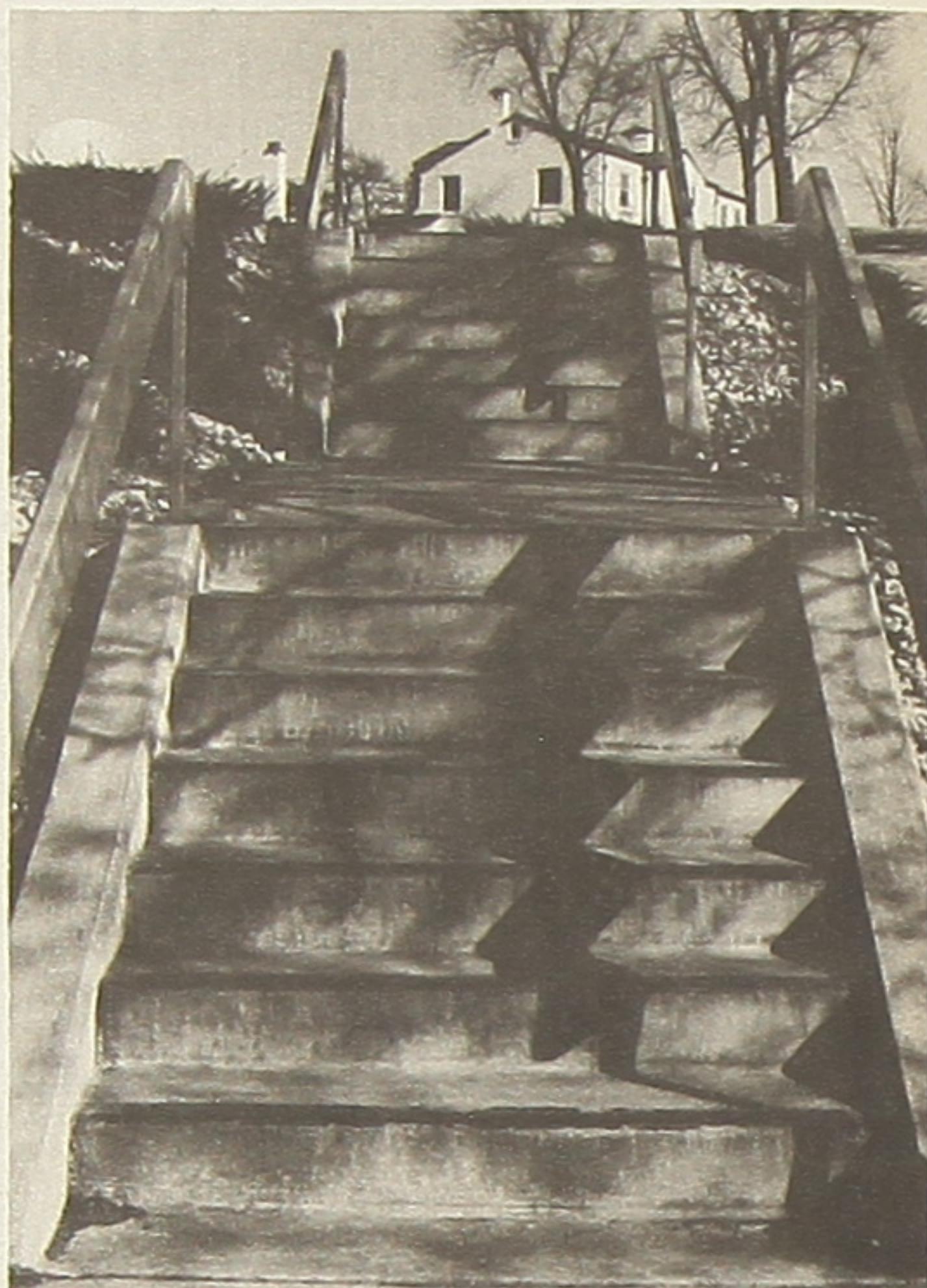
To put it simply, this is a detective/ horror/ romance/ comedy/ science fiction/ unreal reality epic. But the book can be confusing at times, considering there are so many subplots involved. Other than its few flaws, the book is another of Adams' greats.

It is possible to see a third or fourth book within the next few years in the Gently series.

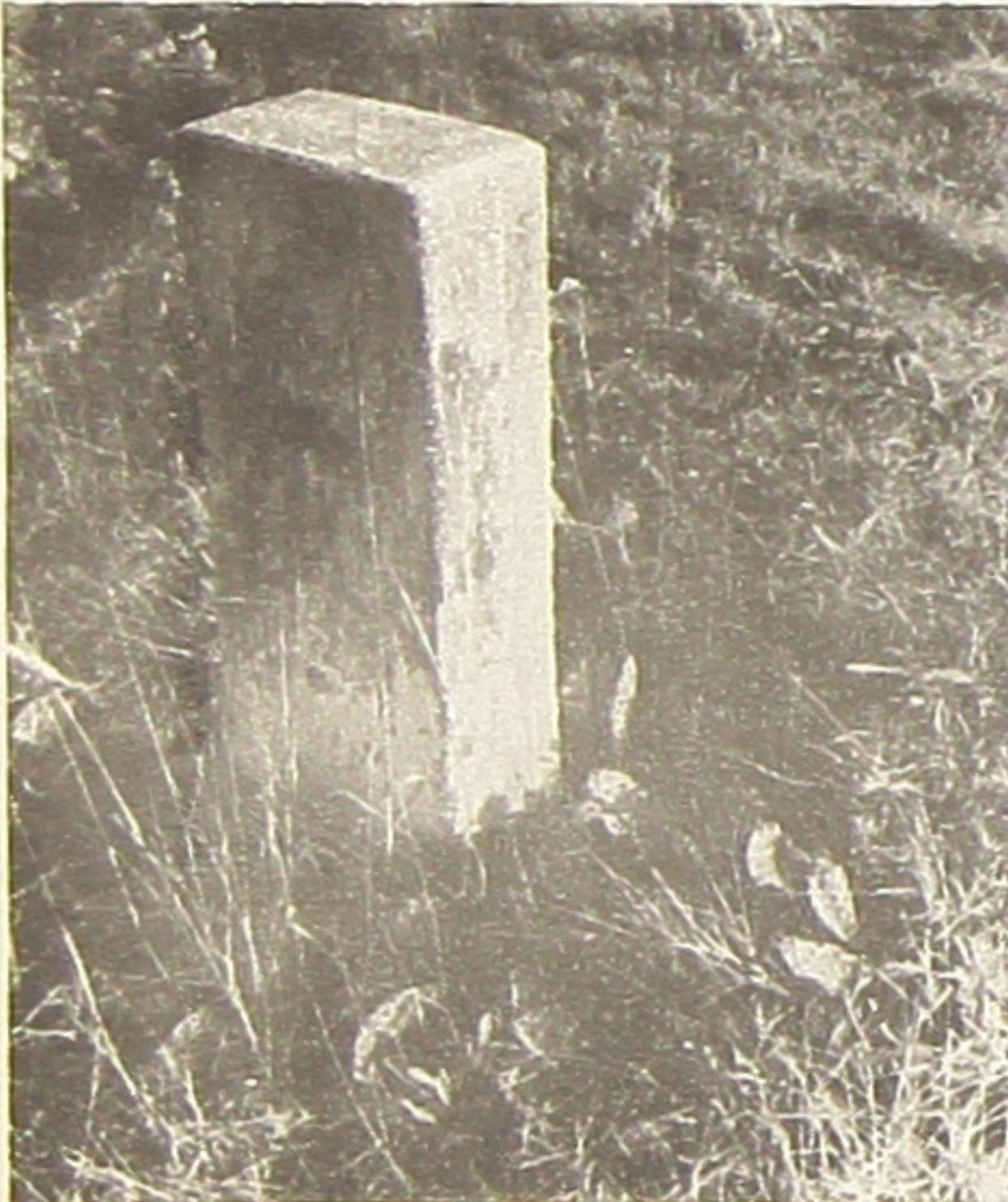
Sticks and Stones

Sticks and stones
have broken my bones
now the back I scratch
is my own
Sticks and stones
Names and numbers
and chains and rattles
babies with guns
shooting needles
battling to be someone
Names and numbers
Blades and razors
fad or phase
bad boy make bad grades
red mark in grade book
teacher preacher crook
Blades and razors
School girl's bad girl looks
street pimps big car tricks
dope in the veins is pain to a nation
cliques and clones
look-a-likes and all-alones
style inside
highding

Mike L. Mallory



Nick Coble



John L. Ford

Reckoning

So here we are
Caught on the dirt clod
Known as planet Earth.
We've stifled the natural sounds,
Preferring them on tape
To lull us to sleep.
We've masked the stars' beauty
With high powered electric lights
And sent probes to bring them back
On the small screen, in color.
Our greed has cost us plenty.
There is nothing left
As we breathe the defecation of
Our automobiles and then...
We're gone.

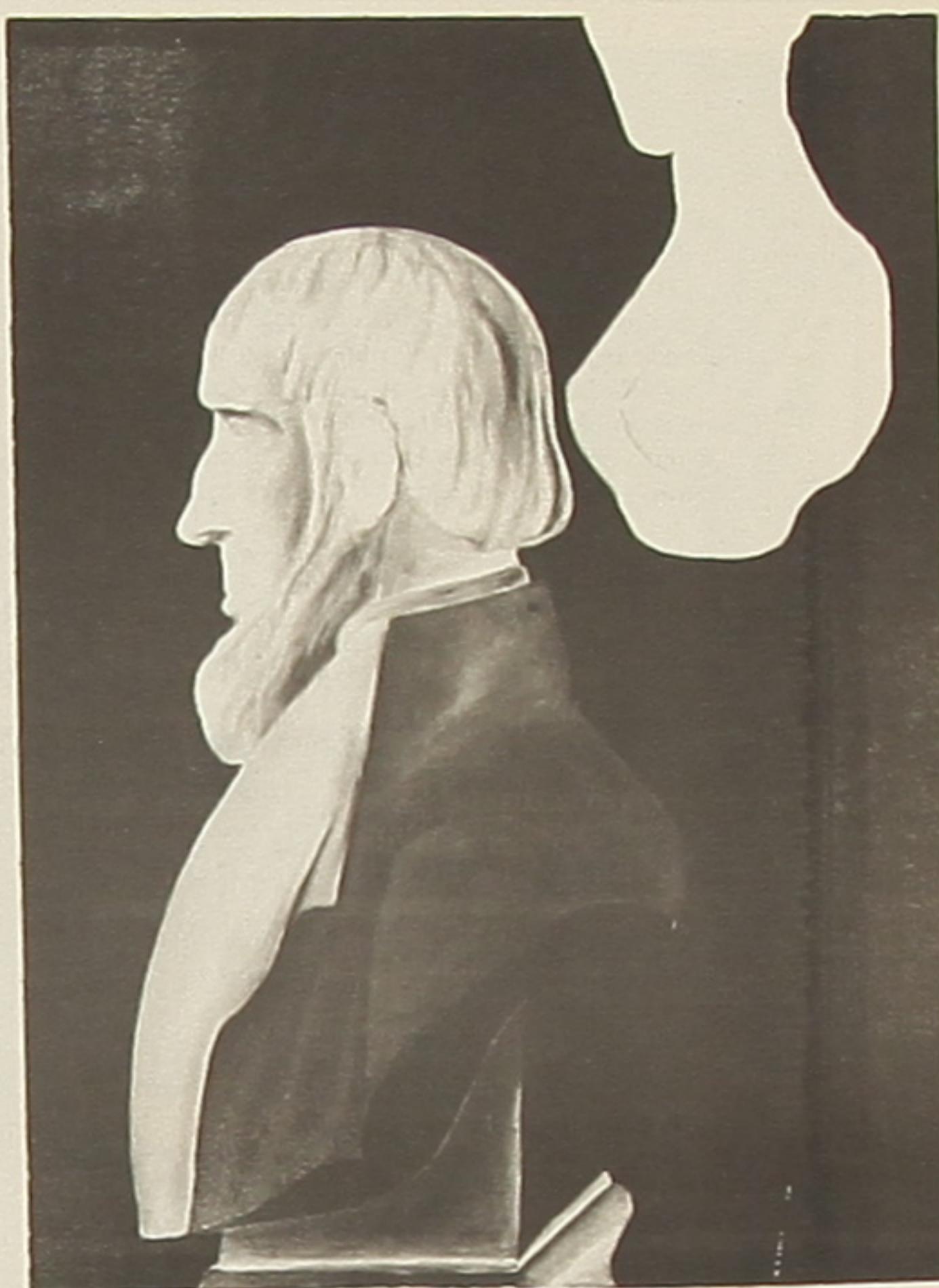
John L. Ford

Loner

With ragged hair and faded jeans,
 And lonely eyes that sparkle with fiery dreams,
 He walks at night down a crumbling road
 Through the darkness to a destination unknown.
 He can't go back to his lifelong home.
 It's time to run, runaway, and be alone.
 No women, no friends, no money tonight,
 No up or down or wrong or right.
 Lose hold of such things or lose the fight.
 Because those things can only hold you down.
 Those things will keep you trapped in this town.
 You can keep on swimming, or stop and drown,
 Like your mother and your father and your brother, too.
 The secret to success is don't do what they do.
 Walk into the darkness until you disappear,
 And nothing bad can happen to you.

At the edge of the darkness an old man appears,
 Beaten by a journey and shriveled by the years,
 With lonely eyes that sparkle only with tears.
 He cried until he drowned his chances away.
 He's out of money and has no place to stay.
 Just another wasted actor in society's play.
 And the emptiness inside him fills with rage.
 There's too many tragic heroes on this stage.
 Too many proud eagles living in a cage.
 And now where's the money, the children, and the wife,
 If nothing else, at least find Jesus Christ,
 But you're a loner, and yourself is all you need.
 Don't need no family to raise, don't need no Bible to read.
 Go back in time to your faded jeans,
 Your crumbling town and your impossible dreams.
 Walk through the dark, and hold back the fear.
 Just walk into the darkness till you disappear.

Brian Webster



Matthew Jewell



John L. Ford

American 212

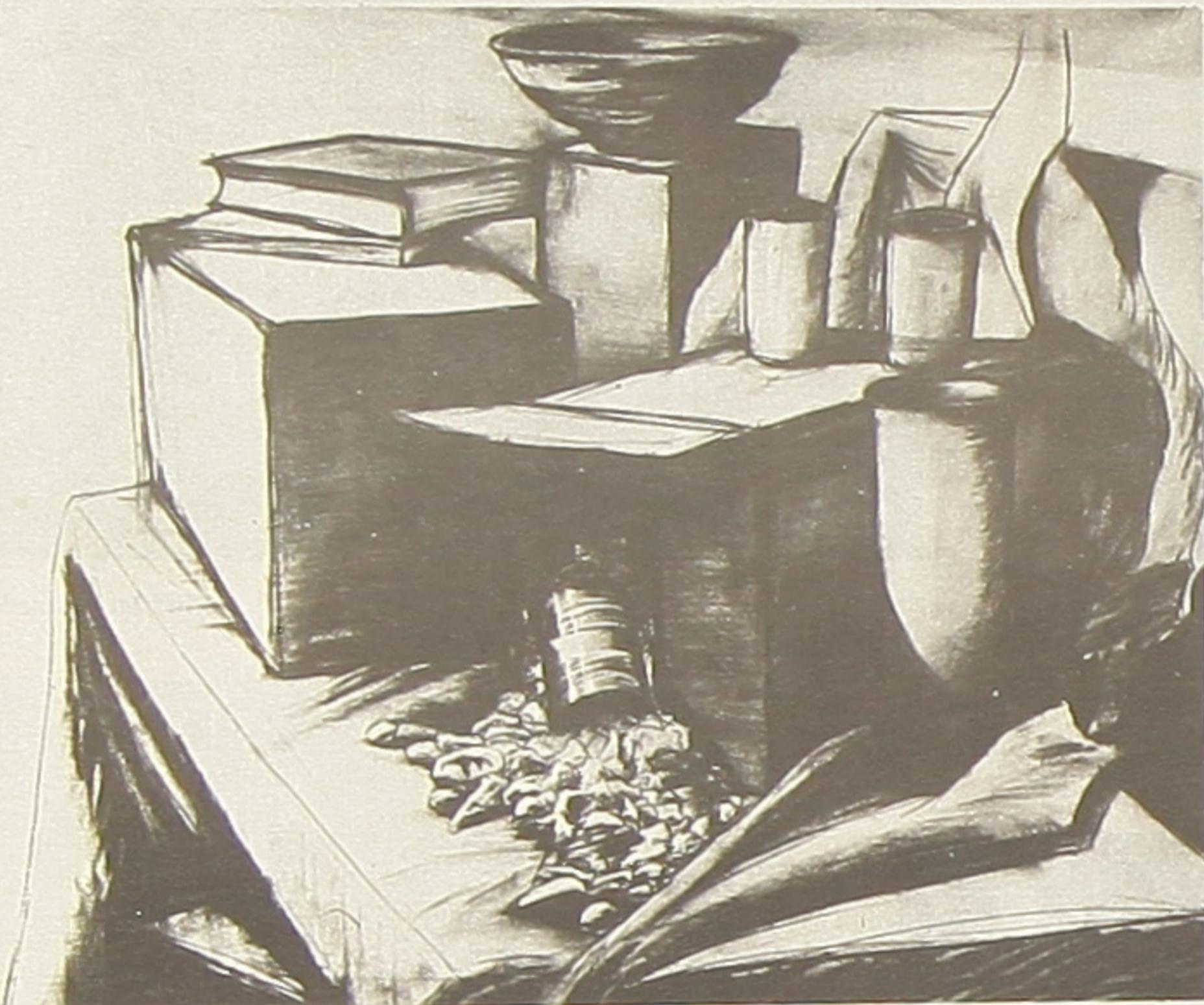
Pot
 Left
 Unattended
 On
 The
 Glowing
 Hearth
 Sputters
 And
 Spits
 In
 Quiet
 Testimony
 To
 The
 Dancing
 Waters
 Below
 Then
 Blows
 Its
 Top

Greg Hoover

The Brink of Life

Lust, desire, temptation
all manifest themselves in my mixed-up mind
Still a child, yet a woman just the same
A man to marry, and a baby to name.
Is this every young girls' ultimate dream?
To have a family that will make everyone beam.
Well, not for me, at least not soon
I want to make it big and eat with the silver spoon.
A man can't give me what I myself can't find
that's power, love, and a peace of mind.

Juliette E. Bartlett



Linette R. Dinwiddie

Candlelight

The lonely flame flickers and dances.
Wax runs softly down the stick.
My eyes never leave the empty chair
Where I wanted you to sit.
There's only one thing on my mind.
There's only one feeling inside my heart.
Just as there's only one flame tonight,
To push away the dark.

It seems life is full of wasted chances,
You take hold and let them slip.
And you die a little everytime you
Push a lie from your lips.
But even the truth can hurt.
Sometimes it burns you like a flame.
Now watch the candle burn away,
And burn away,
And burn away...

Tonight I'm thinking of lost romances.
And lives that are full of regret.
The truth always seems to burn you more
The closer that you get.
Will my flamer burn alone forever?
Or will I choose to blow it out?
It's pointless to live with a heart full
Of hope,
In a world that's full of doubt.
Can someone show me what life is all about?

The lonely flame flickers and dances.

Brian Webster

My Dream

In a dream about seventy days ago
I saw the people move towards their goal,
because they saw what was ahead.
Together with the honor of the knight
they turned against the oppressors to fight
because they almost came to the end.
The Bay of Pigs...
Adolph Hitler...
Lament over Vietnam...
But they saw that they were stronger,
wanted war to last no longer
and they all walked hand in hand.

Martel Edward Tignor

Students, faculty, staff:

AVALON
NEEDS
YOUR LETTERS

Avalon will publish all signed letters
300 words or less which pertain to
art, literature, or entertainment
related issues. If you wish your opinion
known, or wish to sound off on
how we're doing, submit your letters
to Hearn's Hall Room 117.

Magic

Changing things to stone
strong in knowledge and power,
powerful wizards, warlocks,
and prestidigitators
are skillful in magic arts.

T. Rob Brown

Poor Judgement

There was a time of laughter
and that was all we ever used.
We played like mad children
and giggled at the news.

But now is our time of staunch
we will never play in the rain.
Watch us crush our lovers
as we try to avoid our pain.

We won't slow down.

Martel Edward Tignor



Linnette R. Dinwiddie

Attention**POETS**

The American Poetry Association is currently having a poetry contest which is open to all. First prize for the contest is \$500, while the grand prize offered is \$1,000. In total, 152 poets will win cash and publication prizes worth \$11,000. Poets may enter the contest by sending up to six poems, each of no more than 20 lines in length, to

American Poetry Association
Dept. CO-30
250-A Potrero St.
P.O. Box 1803
Santa Cruz, CA 95061

Please include your name and address on each poem.

Entries should be mailed by March 31, with another contest beginning April 1. It costs nothing to enter. Each poem is also considered for publication in the American Poetry Anthology, a leading collection of today's poems.

Since 1981, the American Poetry Association has held 34 contests and awarded \$165,000 in prizes to 3,100 winning poets.

A Decision

They say you only live once
But in the course
Of one human's existence
I will to live one hundred lives.
I feel no need
To be trapped
By one task, one idea, one reality
When there are so
Many divinely different
Things to do in life.
I will not be bound
By arbitrary rules and regulations
While the beautiful bounty of life
Passes me by.
I decide to experience
And learn and live and love all life.
To leave no stone unturned.
To climb every mountain and swim every sea.
Before the sun sets on this day
I will go everywhere
And do everything
Let others do whatever they will
I want to be free.
Free to touch and tell.
To grasp one precious moment
Of existence
To dare to Dream
A wild and wonderful dream
And to make that dream
Come true

Greg Hoover

Masterpiece Without a Name

These are my characters
They shape and flow
the way I want them to go.
Every curve, every line
is uniquely mine.
The blank page, the colored ink
all come together to make one think.
Thoughts and feelings and emotions
all play the continuous game
creating a masterpiece, without a name.

Juliette E. Bartlett

Students, faculty, staff:

ANALON

is continually accepting submissions for the next edition, due out at the end of March, so if you have any original works of art, literature, or photography just lying around, submit them to Hearnes Hall 117 and experience the thrill of seeing your work in print.

Submission deadline for the March edition of 'Avalon' is March 21.

Graffiti

Writing on the wall.
 Strange colors
 And cryptic paints
 Children of the night
 Scribble lies
 And solemn truth.
 Poetry in the runes
 And art.
 An ancient prophecy
 Rings true.
 A false god
 Lies in discarded Needles
 Littering the ground.
 A new religion is born
 Of waste
 And destruction
 Its prophets speak
 On squalid walls
 Walls of Wisdom
 And an everlasting stream
 Of vulgarity

Greg Hoover



Colleen Blanton



Naomi Hunter

Beauty?

Standing in the piercing presence of your beauty
 I stand speechless and alone
 Knowing full how elusive beauty can be
 Wondering why deceit caresses your body.

Martel Edward Tignor

Submit to Avalon **Submission deadline: March 21**